Thats by me wounded both, our remedies
Within thy helpe and holy phiſicke lies:
I beare no hatred bleſſed man: for loe
My interceſſion likewiſe ſteads my foe.
Fri. Be plaine good ſonne and homely in thy drift,
Ridling confeſſion, findes but ridling ſhrift.
Ro. Then plainly know my hartes deare loue is ſet
On the faire daughter of rich *Capulet*:
As mine on hers, ſo hers is ſet on mine,
And all combind, ſaue what thou muſt combine
By holy marriage, when and where, and how,
We met, we wooed, and made exchange of vow:
Ile tell thee as we paſſe, but this I pray,
That thou conſent to marrie vs to day.
Fri. Holy S. *Frauncis* what a change is here?
Is *Roſaline* that thou didſt loue ſo deare,
So ſoone forſaken? yonng mens loue then lies
Not truly in their hearts, but in their eies.
Ieſu *Maria*, what a deale of brine
Hath waſht thy ſallow cheekes for *Roſaline*?
How much ſalt water throwne away in waſte,
To ſeaſon loue, that of it doth not taſte.
The Sun not yet thy ſighes, from heauen cleares
Thy old grones yet ringing in mine auncient eares:
Lo here vpon thy cheeke the ſtaine doth ſit,
Of an old teare that is not waſht off yet.
If ere thou waſt thy ſelfe, and theſe woes thine,
Thou and theſe woes were all for *Roſaline*.
And art thou chang'd, pronounce this ſentence then,
Women may fall, when theres no ſtrength in men.
Ro. Thou chidſt me oft for louing *Roſaline*.
Fri. For doting, not for louing pupill mine.
Ro. And badſt me burie loue.
Fri. Not in a graue,
To lay one in an other out to haue.
Ro. I pray thee chide me not, her I loue now.

Doth

Doth grace for grace, and loue
The other did not ſo.
Fri. O ſhe, knew well,
Thy loue did reade by rote, t
But come young wauerer, com
In one reſpect ile thy aſſiſtan
For this alliance may ſo happi
To turne your houſholds ran
Ro. O let vs hence, I ſtand
Fri. Wiſely and ſlow, they

Enter Benuolio *a*

Mer. Where the deule ſh
home to night?
Ben. Not to his fathers, I ſp
Mer. Why that ſame pale
Torments him ſo, that he wi
Ben. Tibalt, the kiſman to
fathers houſe.
Mer. A challenge on my
Ben. Romeo will anſwere it
Mer. Any man that can
Ben. Nay, he wil anſwere t
ing dared.
Mercu. Alas poore *Rom*
white wenches blacke eye,
ſong, the very pinne of
bowe-boyes but-ſhaft, an
balt?
Ro. Why what is *Tybalt*
Mer. More then Prince
captain of Complements: he
time, diſtance & proportion
and the third in your boſom
ton, a dualiſt a dualiſt, a gen